MUSÆ

BERKHAMSTEDIENSES:

OR

POETICAL PROLUSIONS

BY

SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν χοροί
— ἀπεςύγησαν ———
Sophoclis Œdip. Col. 723.

Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Horatius de Arte Poeticâ. 414.

——— Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere ſoles.
Virg. Eclog. 9. 53.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. McDOWALL.
Anno 1794.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

OSTENTATION and motives of ſelfiſh intereſt have not impelled the Editor to this little publication. To attract the notice of Parents by a pompous diſplay of his Scholars' abilities and improvement was not his object. Such arts he diſdains: the reputation of a School muſt ſtand or fall according to its real merit: exaggerated ſelf commendations are unavailing efforts to ſupport it long, if it reſt upon no better props.

NOR are the following verſes preſented to the Public as prodigies of early genius: nothing perhaps is more deceitful than too ardent expectations of excellence and diſtinction, formed upon youthful compoſitions; the Man *often diſappoints the hopes which*

the Boy *had excited. They are only ſcholaſtic exerciſes, written as evening taſks: and they claim no greater character than ſuch productions uſually poſſeſs in every other well-regulated ſchool. They were ſpoken on what is called the* Speech Day; *and ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen, who honoured that exhibition with their preſence, having requeſted copies of the poems, they are now, to oblige them, collected in a ſmall volume with all their imperfections. They will convince their Parents, however, of the Young Gentlemen's application to their ſtudies, and will evince that their time was well employed in the acquiſition of claſſical and elegant literature.*

The Poem called Britain, and the Latin Tranſlation of Gray's admirable Elegy are inſerted, merely becauſe they were ſpoken on the Public Day.—— The former was abridged for recitation from a long poem on the ſubject, and conſequently ſuffers by the mutilation. Of the Elegy no Latin Verſion has hitherto ſatisfied the preſent Tranſlator.——

Lloyd's, which is the beſt he has ſeen, is too diffuſe, and abounds too much in images and ſentiments which are not in the excellent original. Wakefield has only tranſlated a few ſtanzas, and in them, as in all his literary works, he has diſplayed an intimate acquaintance with the beauties of the Latin language. The Tranſlation inſerted in this volume was finiſhed long before Wakefield publiſhed his edition of Gray's Poems. From Lloyd one or two combinations have been adopted.

But, after all, with reſpect to the proluſions of the young Gentlemen, the inexorable critic may ſtill ſay, Why Publiſh?

Membranis intùs poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris.——

The only anſwer to this pointed queſtion is this—— Excluſive of the reaſon ſtated above, the Editor was partial to the young Authors and their Productions: and, if the public coincided in his opinion, the former would be loved indeed! and the latter received

with great favour. The recollection of the inexpreſſible pleaſure which he has experienced in the progreſs of their education, their diligent application to their various ſtudies, their regular conduct, their exemplary ſubordination to the rules of the ſchool, their affection to himſelf and to his family, and their attachment to his intereſts, will ſooth the toils and anxieties of a laborious profeſſion, and, in the decline of age, will gild the evening of his days with the moſt pleaſing retroſpective reflections.

Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet.—

A

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

THOMAS DUPRÉ,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

FROM the loud murmur of the world's affairs,
From the dire tale of fierce and waſting wars,
That deſolate mankind; a moment ſpare,
Ye Britiſh Patriots, and ye lovely Fair!
From the dear charities that ſweeten life,
The tender Mother, and th' accompliſh'd wife;
Stoop for a while, and liſten to our lays,
Whoſe ſtudies more mature may win your praiſe.
Propt by your candour, boldly we oppoſe
The formidable hoſt of Critic foes.

But if ſome merit you ſhall chance to find,
Some rays of genius in our panting mind;
O'erlook our failings, ſet our hearts at eaſe,
Nor damp an ardour that aſpires to pleaſe.

LIBERTY.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM,

BY

EDWARD WALFORD,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

SPOKEN ON THE PUBLIC DAY, WEDNESDAY,
October 2*d*, 1793.

Vult Libertas mera dici veraque Virtus.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^c^DOWALL.
Anno 1793.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

BY

EDWARD WAKEFORD.

As far retir'd from the loud din of war,
The shrill trumpet's clangor, and martial car,
Methought I kept solitary stream,
Lull'd by the murmuring of a gentle stream;
Around me Nature shone in all her pride,
High waving woods and vales extending wide;
With steady pace approach'd a hoary Sage,
His silver locks betoke his reverend age;
His veil of white flow'd sweeping to the ground,
And as I gaz'd on various Nature round,
With gentleness the venerable man,
Thus words with kind benevolence began,

A 2

LIBERTY.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM,

BY

EDWARD WALFORD,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

AS far retir'd from the loud din of war,
The glitt'ring phalanx, and the trophied car,
Methought I ſlept enchanted in a dream,
Lull'd by the murm'ring of a gentle ſtream;
Around me Nature ſhone in all her pride,
High waving woods, and vales extending wide:
With ſteady pace approach'd an hoary Sage,
His ſilver locks beſpoke his rev'rend age;
His veſt of white flow'd ſweeping to the ground.
And as I gaz'd on various Nature round,
With gentle ſmile the venerable man,
Theſe words with kind benevolence began.

" While France is bath'd in purple ſtreams of gore,
" And pale Deſtruction waſtes that hapleſs ſhore,
" Riſe penſive Youth, together let us ſtray
" Thro' this embow'ring wood, and winding way.
" With care attend, and fix thy ſteady ſight,
" Where, thro' the gloom, yon piercing ray of light
" Diſcovers to thy penetrating eye,
" Thoſe gilded ſcenes and dazzling proſpects nigh."

Quick to my ſight, all beauteous to behold!
A fane majeſtic ſtood of maſſy gold.
A noble pile of trophies glitt'ring ſhone
Around a Goddeſs ſeated on her throne.
'Twas Liberty! that bluſh'd like ruddy morn,
Daughter of virtue, hail! celeſtial born.
With bays inwreath'd around her altars ſtood
Her brave adorers ſtain'd with tyrant's blood.
Firſt in the band, the Greek her ſhrine implores
To ſpread her choiceſt gifts on Grecia's ſhores.
Grav'd on her ſeat, in poliſh'd ſculptur'd ſtone,
The deeds and monuments of heroes ſhone,
Who, bravely fighting for fair Liberty,
Bar'd to the ſteel their breaſts, and nobly dar'd to die.

Near, crown'd with laurel boughs, a ſolemn throng
Of ſacred Bards, in high and lofty ſong,
Weep o'er the breathleſs corps of Sparta's pride,
Leonidas, that for her freedom died.
Mute and aſtoniſh'd ſtood the eaſtern Lord,
And mourn'd the victims of his waſting ſword;
Sigh'd o'er his millions ſtretch'd round Freedom's
ſhrine,
While Perſia's languid ſun forgot to ſhine.
Stern Liberty bemoan'd her darling child,
The Nations wept, and Hades only ſmil'd.
With fragrance Glory ſtrew'd his honour'd name,
And twin'd the laurel of eternal fame.

I turn'd; exalted on her azure throne
Britannia ſat, unconquer'd and alone;
Inſpiring terror nods her purple creſt,
The ſpear in hand, the corſlet at her breaſt.
Cloſe by her ſide, her lion trod the plain,
And proudly ſhook the honours of his mane;
On bondage trampled, and with hideous roar,
Drench'd his red jaws in grinning Faction's gore.
Commerce, with ſilver fingers, bore her train;
And juſtice, ſiſter of her golden reign.

There too, her darling ſons around her ſtood,
Who for their country ſhed their noble blood.
There patriot Hampden ſtalk'd, the ſtern and brave:
There Ruſſell bleeding, her free laws to ſave.
Then tower'd her heroes, the renown'd in arms,
Her Edward ruſhing to the fierce alarms.
There, his great Sire, of chivalry the pride,
Fair Gallantry and Valour grace'd his ſide.
There the fifth Henry trod the glorious field,
And Azincourt was grav'd upon his ſhield.
There dauntleſs ſtood her naval heroes old,
Her Drakes, her Howards, and her Bemboes bold.
There Rodney ſtood, unknowing how to fear.
There Hawke, illuſtrious in the naval war.
Great Chiefs, whom endleſs glory ſhall emblaze,
The race of ſailors form'd in other days,
That pour'd the blaſting broadſide on the foe,
And the proud Gallic enſign levell'd low.
There walk'd the rev'rend Sages of her laws,
Of human kind that claim the warm applauſe.
The diſtant proſpect ſtretching far and wide,
Shew'd vaunting navies that triumphant ride;
To utmoſt oceans bound, and bear their power
To chilly Arctic gloom and frozen ſhore.

Pride of the ſeas, waft terror to the coaſt
Of either Ind or Afric's barb'rous hoſt.

With graceful mien advanc'd the warlike maid,
And, ſmiling, thus to Liberty ſhe ſaid:
" Receive, O Goddeſs, theſe beneath thy ſway,
" Illume their breaſts with thy inſpiring ray;
" Let future ages hear with heart-felt joy
" Their bold exploits, and Tyranny deſtroy.
" Let no fell Deſpot trample on my laws,
" Or treach'rous faction blaſt my glorious cauſe,
" To endleſs time, may ſtill our laurels grow,
" Green and unſhatter'd by the ſtorms that blow."
Fame, at theſe words emerging from a cloud,
Wav'd her broad wings, and blew her trumpet loud,
" Then rule Britannia, and forever ſmile,
" While Freedom bleſſes thy ſea-circled iſle."

I turn'd and gazing through a diſtant wood,
On rugged rocks another temple ſtood;
And deck'd with foil and tinſel glitt'ring bright,
Dazzl'd with artificial gems my ſight,
A Goddeſs, outward lovely to the eye,
Grac'd the bright fane, her name Equality.

But Horrors round her fly, and black Deſpair,
Stern miniſters of death, and bloody war.
The horrid manſion opens ſcenes of woe,
And from her cells red bloody currents flow.
Dim dungeon caverns by the taper's light,
Amidſt this Chaos twinkled to my ſight.
Grim Murder brooded there with his fell band,
And graſp'd a blood-ſtain'd dagger in his hand.
Wolf-bane his crown, his ſceptre poiſon'd ſteel,
His enſign ſkulls, and blood his regal ſeal.
Thro' the thick murky gloom my eyes ſurvey,
By the pale lamps which ſpread a mournful day,
The Rights of Man, and *we are equal all*,
In golden letters grav'd upon the wall.
There too, I ſaw the ſcaffold dreſs'd in black,
Blood and loud ſorrows mark'd the diſmal track.
Pikes, ſwords, and dire decrees were ſcatter'd nigh,
The ax, to cut out life, was lifted high.
There, as aghaſt I ſtood, I next ſurvey'd
An awful figure and majeſtic ſhade.
'Twas the poor murder'd King—the mild and juſt—
His name defac'd, his honour in the duſt.
Pure as his mind, his robe was white as ſnow,
But his pale viſage bore the marks of woe.

Oh fortune much deplor'd! in ev'ry clime
Pity ſhall weep his fate to lateſt time.
Round him, emerging from eternal night,
Shades hover'd, and apall'd my aching ſight:
Shades of the good, that died by Faction's rage;
The mitred Prieſt, and philoſophic Sage;
And thouſands of all ranks—in civil ſtrife
The thirſty dagger drank their guiltleſs life.
On their diſtracted country, now ſo low,
They ſhook their gory locks, and boded woe.

In a ſequeſter'd dungeon, far apart,
Of form bent double, and with breaking heart,
I mark'd a female in that mournful ſcene:
'Tis ſhe—'tis ſhe—the ſad unhappy Queen—
Sight moſt afflictive! fled is all relief!
Tears follow tears, and grief ſucceeds to grief.
While a dim taper lights the darkſome wall,
She ſits deep muſing on her cruel fall.
The beauteous fair in Verſailles' gay alcoves,
That led the Graces and the ſmiling Loves;
Weeps in her priſon, ſtretch'd on rugged ſtone,
Diſconſolate, unpitied, and alone.

How grief has chang'd her lovely treſſes grey!
The roſe of beauty withers in decay.
Tears have cut furrows in her blooming cheek,
The ſmiles are fled, and wanton dimples ſleek.
And oft in toſſing dreams the pallid ſhade
Of her dear Lord ſhe ſees, with bleeding head.
She ſtarts—ſhe ſhrieks—her ſorrows rend the air—
In vain ſhe cries to him that cannot hear.
" 'Tis there, 'tis there, we bend our eager courſe,
" Oh fair Britannia, and exert our force;
" Haſte valiant daughter," glowing Freedom cries,
While angry light'ning flaſhes from her eyes.
She ſhook her locks, her helm with darting ray,
Shone like the glitt'ring regent of the day.
With haughty ſtep advanc'd th' indignant maid,
And thus to grim Equality ſhe ſaid,
" Sink to the earth, thou proud aſpiring dame,
" And periſh, periſh, thy deteſted name."

As hoary Froſt before the dawning ray,
Melts at the heat, and rapid glides away,
So drops the tinſel from the glitt'ring dome;
The fiend infernal ſheds her borrow'd bloom.

Then turning to my guide, the lamp of day
Pierc'd thro' the magic grove with ſaffron ray.
I wak'd! and ſudden all the viſion fled,
And left me muſing on my lonely bed.

AN ADIEU

TO

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL,

BY

J. G. LITTLEHALES,

ON HIS

APPROACHING DEPARTURE TO OXFORD.

SPOKEN ON THE PUBLIC DAY, WEDNESDAY,
October 2d, 1793.

Alloquor extremum juvenes abiturus amicos.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL,
Anno 1793.

NOTE.

If the Author of the following Verſes has deſcribed his School with a very warm glow of fancy and affection, the experienced judge of human nature will compare his zeal to that of a man, who, ſpeaking of his Friend, is apt to diſplay his good qualities in the ſtrongeſt colours.

AN

ADIEU TO BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BY

JOSEPH GASCOYNE LITTLEHALES.

SCHOLASTIC Dome farewell! I muſt depart!
But ſtill I turn to thee with fondeſt heart.
Pleas'd, I look back upon my boyiſh days,
When firſt I enter'd Grammar's rugged ways,
Firſt ſtep to learning: many a tedious hour
On gender, verb, and ſyntax would I pore,
While the hoar walls of venerable ſchool
For ever echoed the repeated rule.
Men of the world, with ſupercilious leer,
Deem not this plan unworthy of your care.
Prize the Grammarian! for his ſleepleſs toil
For you has till'd fair Learning's fertile ſoil.
With what delight emerging into day,
The day of knowledge, did my mind ſurvey

Diſpos'd with judgment, and in order laid,
The treaſures of antiquity diſplay'd.
Careleſs from reſt I woke at early dawn,
Ere the bright ſun had ting'd the ſhaven lawn,
With ling'ring ſtep my well-known deſk I ſought
To con what Poets and Hiſtorians taught,
And Orators that rapt the world along,
Charm'd with the muſic of the flowing tongue.
With Ovid, plaintive Bard! my ſorrows flow'd
In Pontic realms; a deſolate abode!
Or I beheld, with Phaeton young and bold,
The Sun's bright throne of emerald and gold.
Or now with Virgil, in ſmooth paſt'ral ſtrains,
I ſung the loves and labours of the ſwains.
Now led through ſcenes of horror and affright,
I mourn'd the ſlaughter of that diſmal night,
When Ilion periſh'd, and the waſting ſword
Bar'd for deſtruction, all the realm devour'd.
There too I ſaw Phæniſſa's love portray'd
In glowing colours that ſhall never fade,
There paſſion ſtruggled with her former flame,
And there was wreck'd her ſpotleſs nuptial fame:
There ſtern Æneas urg'd her hapleſs doom,
And there Sichæus pointed to the tomb.

The Bard then leads me to the realms below,
Groves of the bleſt, or diſmal ſeats of woe.
Still, ſtill my memory delights to trace
The Bards enchanting of the Roman race,
The Lyric poet and the Sat'riſt keen,
Who laugh'd at follies of life's varied ſcene;
And him whoſe manly and undaunted page
Laſh'd the dire vices of a Nero's age.
Long have I por'd upon the learned dead,
Ah! ſtudies priz'd, and labours well repaid:
Through many a day, and many a circling year,
Th' illuſtrious Greeks have claim'd my ardent care.
Father of verſe! in whoſe immortal line
The rich varieties of language ſhine,
I read thy battles, all my ſoul on fire,
"While crowds on crowds triumphantly expire."
Through Time's long courſe thy lofty ſtrains diffuſe
The boldeſt ſpirit of the epic muſe;
While moral truth is cloath'd in Fiction's veſt,
And in pure diction ſimple manners dreſt:
Nor did the Bards of Græcia's later days
Leſs ſhare the tribute of my warmeſt praiſe.
Bion, whoſe ſtream of elegiac woes
Soft as the beauty of Adonis flows.

And paſt'ral Moſchus in whoſe verſe is mourn'd
Sweet Bion's fate with laſting grief adorn'd.
Nor did the muſe dramatic leſs engage,
The muſe that harrow'd up the Attic ſtage.
Nor did I not delight to ſee thy ſoaring flight,
Poet of Eden, and eternal night;
While thou didſt ſtretch thy daring wings to fly
Through dreary Chaos' waſte, inclement ſky!
Oft did the Bard of Eloiſa's loves
Lead through the convent and its duſky groves:
Or guide to Windſor and the banks of Thames,
Or wake up all the fair Belinda's flames.
Oft I unfolded the hiſtorian's page
That marks the records of each paſſing age;
There rhet'ric too its flowers and tropes array'd,
And mathematics lucid truth diſplay'd.
Theſe treaſures while our youthful minds explore,
They reap ſound wiſdom from the ſtudied lore.

What melancholy pleaſures ſway my ſoul,
While in my breaſt the dear ideas roll,
How oft by taper dim, at evening hour,
To build the verſe on Gradus did I pore.

Kind Gradus! be my feeble lyre unſtrung
If e'er by me thy merit be unſung.
Kind Gradus! by the ſchool-boy valued more
Than mines of ſilver, or the golden ore.
Immortal be the hand that ſtrung thy lays,
Rich hoard of fragments, epithet, and phraſe!
How often too in deep and ſtudious mood
On themes and declamations would I brood.
Curious to ſearch what Greeks or Romans taught
With thoughts ſublime, and claſſic diction fraught.
Proluſions ſweet, that ſpur the eager youth
To dig ſtill deeper in the mines of truth;
That teach to roll the period ſmooth and clear,
To form the judgment, and chaſtiſe the ear.
Or oft on Martial's model would I ſit
To turn the laughing epigram of wit.
How oft at Saturday's all chearing noon,
That brings to ſchool-boys the moſt welcome boon,
A ſhort releaſe from ſtudy, did my ear
From rev'rend Tutor, "THESIS ESTO" hear.
How did my boſom pant, alive to praiſe,
When he approv'd my early youthful lays,
My feeble efforts or in proſe or ſong—
For praiſe came doubly valued from that tongue.

With heartfelt grief my lab'ring mind ſurveys
The happineſs of paſt ſcholaſtic days;
No troubles then hung heavy on my breaſt,
No ſorrows chaf'd me, and no cares oppreſt.
My ſtudies paſt, I join'd in feſtive play,
Or ſpent in converſe ſweet the fading day:
Or oft beſide yon leaf-clad hedge I ſtray'd,
Or ſat reclin'd beneath yon fir-tree's ſhade.
Theſe pleaſures I enjoy'd, nor theſe alone,
More perfect happineſs around me ſhone:
I ſhar'd each joy that friendſhip could beſtow,
Friendſhip that ſooths the greateſt human woe.

But ah the heavy change! 'tis duty calls
My ling'ring ſteps from thoſe ſcholaſtic walls.
I go where Iſis, and where Cherwell's wave
The academic groves of Oxford lave!
Ah! ſoon to mingle in the world's affairs,
Perhaps life's ſorrows, and coroding cares!

Farewel thou much lov'd ſchool—I muſt depart!
Nurſe of my tender years oh ſhare my heart!
Thus he whom fortune dooms to diſtant ſhores,
Toſs'd on the main that round his veſſel roars:

Still, ſtill, with eager eyes, and longing mind,
Still on his native land he looks behind:
And as the keel the foaming ſurge divides,
The proſpect gently fades, the ſhore ſubſides:
Then in his lab'ring breaſt, to grief alive,
Endearments paſt, and loſt delights revive.
Sad mem'ry loves to brood, and to deplore
Dear imag'd pleaſures he muſt taſte no more.

Scenes of my youth, as keen a grief I ſhare,
Remembrance heaves my breaſt with anxious care,
While to my early friends, THIS BLOOMING THRONG,
The word, Farewel! muſt iſſue from my tongue.
O my young friends, may he from vice's ſnare,
Who guides our morals with a jealous care,
Who leads us forward in the paths of truth,
Inſtills ſound learning in our ductile youth,
With long experience forms our pliant mind
To claſſic knowledge, and to taſte refin'd:
May he when ling'ring age his ſtrength impairs,
Steal gently down the quiet vale of years:
Love and affection in our boſoms raiſe,
Due to the labours of his former days!!

REST AFTER TOIL, PLEASURE AFTER STUDY.

A

POEM

WRITTEN BY

HENRY WARDLE;

AND SPOKEN BY

EDMUND HEYSHAM,

BOTH OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Public Day, Wedneſday, October 2d, 1793.

——— Meta petita laborum!!

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

REST AFTER TOIL, PLEASURE AFTER STUDY.

A POEM,

BY

HENRY WARDLE;

AND SPOKEN BY

EDMUND HEYSHAM.

BOTH OF BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

THE brawny Ruſtic, when the morning beam
Recals him from his couch to drive the team,
Works cheerful through the long protracted day,
Till welcome ev'ning ſummons him away;
He carols as he quits the labour'd ſoil,
Forgetful of his paſt and future toil.
The vet'ran Soldier joyful hears from far
The ſound of claſhing arms, and ghaſtly war;
The perilous campaign undaunted bears;
Flames in the van, and triumphs in his ſcars.
If to ſcorch'd Afric he direct his prow,
Or on the ſhores of Indus meet his foe,

Still, ſtill he combats, ſtill the ſword he draws,
And greatly riſks his life in glory's cauſe;
Hope gently whiſpers, that when diſcords ceaſe,
And nations join in mutual leagues of peace,
He may, when war and danger is no more,
Spend his life's evening on a quiet ſhore;
His days with friends and ſoft contentment paſs,
Bleſt with the fragrant pipe and mantling glaſs:
Then to recount how oft his foes have bled,
And ſterneſt warriors from his arm have fled;
So ſpeak of dire encounters; while all pale
His gaping neighbours wonder at the tale;
His marches then to plan o'er deſerts wide,
His little children trembling at his ſide.
Thus too, the School-boy hails the glad advance
Of each inverted year with ſong and dance;
He ſees the fruits his long long toil has won,
His labour at an end, and ſtudy done;
Forgets his ſtripes and laſhes now all o'er,
Nor thinks of accidence or ſyntax more;
For him old Lilly may propound his rule,
And Alpha Beta ſtrew the duſty ſchool;
His claſſic authors on his ſhelf may lie,
His joys appoach, his crabbed torments fly;

No more he toils, but prompt at pleaſure's call,
Forſakes Berkhamſted's academic hall:
The holidays are come, the wiſh'd-for hour
Emerges chearful from her roſy bower.
Joy beams in every face without a cloud,
Away the books are thrown, & ſhouts reſound aloud;
When, after night's ſweet ſleep and calm repoſe,
The anxious youths their drowſy eyes uncloſe,
Bid every heart ſcholaſtic cares diſpel,
No more conſtrain'd to hear the matin bell;
Free from the tickling of the pliant rod,
The ſtamp of ſilence, and the angry nod;
And from the Monitor's imperious baul,
The Uſher's ſcolding, and the Cenſor's call.
Now gentle Pleaſure with thy feſtive train,
Haſte, haſte fair Goddeſs to our verdant plain."
Fear of the birch, and ſtudy at thy ſight,
Fly to the regions of the gloomy night.
When thro' yon window peeps the ſprightly morn,
Thro' every chamber ſounds our ſchool-boy horn;
The ſignal to depart, with tripping feet,
In leather breeches clean, and boots ſo neat,
Swift we deſcend th' eternal trodden ſtairs,
The way to ſchool-boys known ſo many years.

We travel different ways. For darling ſon
One father poney ſends by ancient John:
In horſe chaiſe ſome, and ſome in gigs ſo light;
While others cut a daſh from phaeton's height:
And ſome, a merry group I ween! engage
The wheels diurnal of the lumb'ring ſtage.
Loud ſmacks the laſh, the ſteeds high prancing
ſpring,
The coach deep loaded marks the rolling ring.
With ſhouts reſounds this old monaſtic dome,
And joys re-echo of our native home.
The rabble ſtare, the ready ſervants wait,
A num'rous concourſe throngs around the gate.
Behind the coach the duſt in vollies flies,
And ſhouts repeated rend the vaulted ſkies.
Along the road we paſs with cheerful glee,
And fly ſalute each traveller we ſee;
Till within ſight of native place we come,
Each then reviews his dear parental home.
Th' impatient mother watches us with care,
And caſts her wand'ring eyes around the air;
While each ſlow moment ſeems a ling'ring year,
And fancied dangers wake her ev'ry fear:

At length arriv'd, we ſpring from off the coach,
With ſmiles our tender mother we approach;
With kiſſes ſhe then meets her darling boys,
Her deareſt wiſhes, and her only joys.
Maternal love her heaving boſom warms;
She claſps her raptur'd children in her arms.
The father too approaches them from far,
And ſhows each mark of his parental care.

In the fair morn of life theſe pleaſures live,
But ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt its prime.
Like theſe our joys and paſtimes ſoon decay,
And youth on wing too rapid glides away.

EPISTOLA,

ELOISÆ ABELARDO,

LATINE REDDITA.

A

THOMA AGER.

ET PUBLICE RECITATA

AB

EDWARDO WALFORD.

SCHOLÆ BERKHAMSTEDIENSIS

ALUMNIS.

BERKHAMSTEDIENSIS:
EX TYPOGRAPHEO W. M^CDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

EPISTOLA,

ELOISÆ ABELARDO,

ELOISA ABELARDO, LATINE REDDITA.

A

AUCTORE,

T. AGER.

ET PUBLICE RECITATA

SCHOLÆ BERKHAMSTEDIENSIS ALUMNO.

AD

EDWARDO WALFORD.

Hæ inter latebras penitùs, factosque recessus,
Mens, Cœlum meditans, quo dia spernit humum.
Æternumq; habitat defixo lumine Cura,
Pectore Vestalis turbidus unde dolor?
Cur sedem hanc ultrà tendit mens fessa supremam,
Cur longum extinctus corripit ossa calor?
Uror—adhuc uror—Abelardo littera venit—
Et nomen labiis heu Eloisa rapit!
Nomen adhuc charum, infaustum! versare tenebris,
Nec mea perrumpas labra dicata Deo!
Cor penitus celet, tectum penetralibus imis,
Numine quà sancto regnat imago sui.

ELOISA ABELARDO, LATINE REDDITA.

AUCTORE

T. AGER.

SCHOLÆ DERNHAMSTEDIENSIS ALUMNO.

Has inter latebras penitùs, ſacroſque receſſus,
Mens, Cœlum meditans, quo dia ſpernit humum,
Æternumq; habitat defixo lumine Cura,
Pectore Veſtalis turbidus unde dolor?
Cur ſedem hanc ultrà tendit mens feſſa ſuprema,
Cur longum extinctus corripit oſſa calor?
Uror—adhuc uror—Abelardo littera venit—
Et nomen labiis heu Eloiſa rapit!
Nomen adhuc charum, infauſtum! verſare tenebris,
Nec mea perrumpas labra dicata Deo!
Cor penitus celet, tectum penetralibus imis,
Numine quà ſancto regnat imago ſui.

Scribere dextra nega—jamdudum ſcribitur ecce!
Jam mihi ſubveniens gutta caduca dele.
Solvitur in lacrymas, fruſtràq; Eloiſa precatur,
Cor mandat, juſſis annuit apta manus.
Crudeles muri! caliginis orbe rotundo
Quo Gemitus ſedem ſponte, Dolorque tenent!
Aſpera ſaxa! genu longùm protrita piorum!
Antrum, et horrenti ſenta latebra rubo!
Vos adyti! inſomnis vigilat quà pallida virgo,
Vos Sancti, fletus queis ſimulacra rigant!
Frigida ſim veſtri ſimilis, devota, ſilenſque,
Non oblita mei ſto tamen atra ſilex.
Non tenet omne Deus, dum partem Abelardus habebit,
Dimidio retinet corda rebellis amor.
Votaque nulla manent, jejunia nulla coercent
Æſtus, nec lacrymæ quæ ſine fine cadunt.
Ut, ſuſpenſa, manu refero trepidante tabellam,
Se renovat noto nomine cura vetus.
Triſte tuum ſemper nomen, ſed amabile nomen,
Spiratum gemitu, fletibus uſque datum!
Cumque meum video, dubius tremor occupat artus,
Nam ſors pone novis urget acerba malis.
Exundant oculi dum ſingula verba reſolvo;
Per varios caſus, atque pericla feror.

Hic modo amore flagrans, modo marcida flore juventæ
Usque monasterii perdita Virgo sinu.
Scis sine fraude levem suscepi pectore flammam,
Tectus amicitiæ nomine serpsit amor:
Cœlituum specie quâdam te fervida finxi,
Quæ pulchrâ emanat proflua mente Dei.
Lenibant radiis ridentia lumina vultum,
Suaviter ætherio cœlica luce micant.
Insons aspexi; Divos tua carmina mulcent,
Et promit ornatam lingua modesta fidem.
Talibus obstari poterint præcepta labellis?
Nota, cito nullum crimen amare docent.
Urgenti me vinc'la subire jugalia, dixi
Sint procul hinc leges, quas nisi sanxit Amor.
Aspiciens tædas, pariter cum flamine venti
Extemplò pennas explicat ille leves.
Sit decus Uxoris, sit laus, sit pondus et auri,
Augustum nomen, sacraque fama sibi!
Projectum ante pedes Dominum, qui temperat orbem*,
Respuerem; imperium sceptraq; nulla volo.
Reginam magni jam Cæsaris esse negarem—
Fac ut sim charo dulcis amica viro!
Liberius superest aliquid si nomen amicâ;
Charius aut ullum, jam mihi tale sinas.

* *Imperatorem.*

Proh tempus fauſtum! cum pectus pectora dulce
Allicit, et liber jura reſolvit amor.
Obvia mens menti, vox exeat ore priuſquam,
Mutua concordi pectore vota fluunt.
Hoc certe felix, ſi felix quicquid in orbe eſt;
Sors Abelardo olim, ſors mihi talis erat.
Heu quantum mutata! ecquis ſubito ingruit horror?
Sanguineo recubat nudus amator humo.
Quò, quò tunc Eloiſa fuit? quò? lingua, manuſque,
Immane arceret ſica cruenta ſcelus.
" Barbare ſiſte manus—hæc vulnera dira coerce—
" Ut leve crimen erat, ſit quoque pœna levis."
Plura loqui nequeo: vocem pudor, ira, repreſſit;
Quod ſupereſt referat fletus, et ore rubor!
Ullane te miſeræ tenuêre oblivia lucis,
Cum tecum ante aram victima mœſta fui?
Tune potes lachrymas tunc non meminiſſe cadentes,
Cum juvenis dixi fervida, Munde vale!!!
Et cum miſta dedi lachrymis ſacro oſcula velo,
Palluit en lampas, araque contremuit.
Quem luſtrat tantum vix credidit æthra triumphum,
Cælicolæ votis obſtupuere meis.
Dum tamen adveni ſanctæ vicinior aræ,
In te, non ſacram lumina verſa crucem.

Allicit hinc pietas; nec numen; at ardor amoris;
Si tua flamma perit, spes mihi tota perit.
Chare veni! verbis et vultu mulce dolores!
Hæc tua sola manent, hæc tua dona peto.
Concede ut gremium foveam te amplexa nivosum,
Utque venena oculis suaviter ore bibam!
Da potiora meam pertentent gaudia mentem
Lumina daque aliter forma venusta trahat.
Pande in conspectu Cœli tu splendida tecta,
Deserat ut pectus te Abelarde Deo!

GREAT BRITAIN.

A

POEM

ON

HAMMOND'S

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Public Day, Wednesday, October 2d, 1793.

Vincit amor Patriæ.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M'DOWALL.

Anno 1793.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A

POEM

BY

J. D.

AND SPOKEN BY

HAMMOND CROSS.

OF

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GREAT BRITAIN.

A POEM,

BY

J. D.

AND SPOKEN BY

HAMMOND CROSS,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

HALL, happy land! around whose rocky shores
The restless wave of hoary Ocean roars,
How shall the Muse recount thy endless praise?
Weak is her fancy, low her loftiest lays!
To Britain's glory strains sublime belong,
Heroic verse and richer streams of song.

Here, from the earliest age, was ever seen
The martial form of Liberty serene—
Here the brave Chief, whose steady valour bore
Rome's haughty Eagles to the German Shore,

GREAT BRITAIN.

A POEM,

BY

J. D.

AND SPOKEN BY

HAMMOND CROSS,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

HAIL, happy land! around whoſe rocky ſhores
The reſtleſs wave of hoary Ocean roars;
How ſhall the Muſe recount thy endleſs praiſe?
Weak is her fancy, low her loftieſt lays!
To Britain's glory ſtrains ſublime belong,
Heroic verſe and richer ſtreams of ſong.

Here, from the earlieſt age, was ever ſeen
The martial form of Liberty ſerene—
Here the brave Chief, whoſe ſteady valour bore
Rome's haughty Eagles to the German Shore,

Tam'd the fierce Gaul, and ſaw Pharſalia's day,
And broke of Munda's war the firm array—
Here found that courage, warm'd with Freedom's fires,
The fearleſs mind with ſcorn of death inſpires.
Unſkill'd in ev'ry art of civil life,
The ſavage Britons, in the noble ſtrife,
The well-train'd legions gallantly withſtood:
The ſeas ran purple with the Roman blood.
Here too theſe dauntleſs heroes could reſtrain,
The ſweeping ravage of the cruel Dane:
Thee, Alfred, fam'd in learning and in war,
That rough and hardy race was taught to fear.
Scar'd at thy warlike voice in dire diſmay,
The northern Raven * droop'd and fled away:
Name to the ſacred muſe for ever dear!
Who, mid the gloom of ignorance dark and drear,
Could teach the light of ſcience how to ſhine,
The wild Barbarian poliſh and refine;
Pour each fair moral on the human mind,
And ruffian rage with legal ſanctions bind.
But ah! unfriendly to each generous art,
When death, unſparing, chill'd the glowing heart,
Now brighter eras claim my willing lays.
See heroes born—the race of happier days!

* Edward III. *The Danish standard.*

In pomp majeſtic ſee the Chief* advance,
Whoſe courage ſhook the throne of haughty France.
See Poictiers plain, and Creſſy's glorious field,
See the young Victor† with the ſable ſhield,
Unmatch'd in valour, as in courtly grace,
" The firſt in combat, as the firſt in place,"
See from his aſhes too, whoſe deeds adorn
Th' hiſtoric page, another hero born!
He, the fifth Henry, on the frighted ſhores
Of hoſtile France his well-train'd army pours;
Who knows not Azincourt?—there, nobly brave,
Ten thouſand warriors found a glorious grave—
There fell the weight of that deſtructive blow,
That humbled France, and laid her heroes low—
There Bourbon fell on heaps on Princes dead—
There Dalbret died—and bold Alençon bled.
But endleſs were the taſk, O land of fame,
Thy warriors, valiant actions to proclaim!
France and Iberia feel their matchleſs force,
And climes far diſtant tremble at their courſe.
Not the ſtout Flemiſh on his waſted fields;
Nor German bold the glitt'ring ſword who wields;
Nor Swiſs deſcending from his mountains' brow,
Clad in fierce tempeſts and a waſte of ſnow;

* *Edward* III. † *Edward, The Black Prince.*

Nor hardy Ruſſians, nor intrepid Swedes,
Of Charles ſtill boaſting high the warlike deeds,
Nor ruthleſs Turk, nor Auſtrian firm in fight,
Could of thy heroes quell the dauntleſs might.
Germania's plain, and Flanders dy'd in blood,
The Danube rolling flow his ſanguine flood,
And Ganges broken wave that murm'ring flows,
Clogg'd with dire carnage of thy ſlaughter'd foes,
Bear thro' recording times thy fair renown,
And nations yield to thee the martial crown.

But while thy valour ſways the tide of war,
Illuſtrious country o'er the regions far;
With ſheets expanded to the blowing gales,
Thy fleet triumphant on the ocean ſails;
Bold are thy fearleſs ſeamen on the wave,
Bold on that furious element they brave;
They court fair honour, 'mid the roaring ſound
Of ſurging billows, on the ſeas profound;
Firm, and experienc'd in the naval art,
They guide their daring courſe with ſteady heart:
Firm and intrepid, they direct the helm
Far to that cold inhoſpitable realm—

The ſeat of Winter bleak, where mountains glow,
Bright with eternal froſt and hoary ſnow.
Far to the polar regions of the ſkies,
Where waſte impaſſive continents of ice!
Stretch'd to the chilling North in dreary view—
Thy ſailors glory in thoſe tracts purſue.

'Tis Britain's honour to make diſcords ceaſe,
And join the nations in the league of Peace:
Bid harveſts flouriſh where the deſert ſcowl'd,
And plant fair cities where the ſavage howl'd:
Spread each ennobling virtue of the mind,
And the vaſt world in ſocial commerce bind.
For this Drake ventur'd to the Weſtern ſhore,
Thro' ſeas that never felt the keel before:
For this too, Raleigh, wiſe experienc'd ſage,
The pride and ſtain of a degen'rate age!
For this of equal fame, tho' later time,
Thy Cook undaunted travers'd ev'ry clime.
Muſe, at that name let tears eternal flow,
Pay to the ſacred dead the meed of woe!
See Commerce weep, and drooping Science mourn,
With hair diſhevell'd o'er his ſilent urn.

But when incens'd to puniſh lawleſs pride,
Thy fleets, O Britain, on the ocean ride!
Fierce from their ports the blaſting vengeance flies,
Then wild defeat and deſp'rate rout ariſe.
Death on the deck aſſumes his dreadful ſtand,
And points the cannon with his ſlaught'ring hand.
Thus fell the armament of boaſting Spain—
Brave Howard whelm'd them in the Britiſh main.
So, where Domingo riſes o'er the flood,
France ſhed in copious ſtreams her flowing blood.
When gallant Rodney thro' her centre broke
In vollied thunder, and a night of ſmoke;
Great naval hero! to thy deathleſs name
The reſcued nation plans the buſt of Fame.
Still ſhalt thou live while time ſhall flow along,
In lays Hiſtoric and the Poets' ſong.
But while thy Britain glories in her chief,
Her feeling boſom throbs with tender grief;
She weeps her warriors, in the raging fight,
Who nobly periſh'd in their country's right;
She ſees her Blain among her heroes dead,
And ſtretch'd with Blair on Honour's awful bed:
Her Manners too, the gallant, young and brave,
Who fell to conquer, and who died to ſave!

Ah! virtuous heat, and Valour's gen'rous flame,
Ah! daring luſt of honourable fame!!

But, tho' unconquer'd in the fierce alarms,
Of ſcience Britain woos the the milder charms.
Here the bold Epic Muſe, that ſweetly ſings
The matchleſs deeds of Heroes and of Kings,
Deign'd her enraptur'd Milton to inſpire
With ecſtaſy divine, and heavenly fire.
The tuneful bard, on eagle wing ſublime,
Soar'd far beyond the flaming bounds of time:
The gloomy throne permitted to behold
Of ſable night, and Chaos anarch old:
Or now deſcending to reviſit earth,
He tells of Nature the primeval birth;
And ſings the happy pair in Eden's grove,
Link'd in the golden ties of wedded love.
Here Dryden glow'd with the tranſporting rage;
Here Pope's ſmooth numbers charm'd the poliſh'd age.
Here too the thought-inſpiring hour was ſung
Of Night majeſtic by the penſive Young.
Here roſe the Bard, to various nature dear,
Who paints the Seaſons of the rolling year,

Deſcriptive Thomſon!—in his verſe is ſeen
The Spring ſoft pacing in her robe of green;
There ſultry Summer darts his fervid rays—
There to the breeze th' Autumnal harveſt plays—
There Winter moulds the faſt deſcending ſnows,
The froſt that whitens, and the ſtorm that blows.

And here the Tragic Muſe, with niceſt art,
Works ev'ry ſpring that moves the yielding heart;
The ſoften'd ſoul with tender pity thrills,
Or ev'ry trembling nerve with horror chills.
Here Comedy, in lively mood and gay,
Laughs at the reigning follies of the day.

Here too delighted Britain joys to ſee
The graver form of ſage Philoſophy;
"Expatiate, free o'er all this ſcene of things,"
And follow Nature to her hidden ſprings.
She lays before her darling Newton's eye,
Earth's beauteous ſyſtem and the ſpangled ſky.
Thro' ſpace unmeaſur'd of the vaſt profound,
He trac'd the labours of the ſolar round—
The courſe of planets, and the ſtars of night,
And moons that cheer remoter globes with light.

The comet too, that ſtreams with fiery glare,
A glowing deluge thro' the flaming air:
When thro' the long ellipſis he returns,
And on the golden brow of ether burns,
He to the wond'ring ear the cauſe diſplays
Of various colours in the rainbow's rays;
The vivid red, the orange, green and blue,
And fainting violet of paler hue.
Hence while the mind the mighty works explores
Of her eternal Maker ſhe adores.
Here too Religion, the cherubic maid,
In flowing robes of pureſt white array'd,
With mild perſuaſive accents tells the way
That leads to region of eternal day.

While thus we ſee the well illumin'd mind,
By deepeſt ſcience and by truth refin'd,
The lib'ral hand of ever bounteous Heaven,
The ſweets of plenty has to Britain giv'n.
Here ripen'd Harveſts preſs the yellow fields,
Her fruits delicious here Pomona yields.
Thro' fertile meadows flow the gliding rills,
And flocks unnumber'd whiten all the hills.

And here, while active glows the rural toil,
Thames wafts the produce of each foreign ſoil.
Hence ruſtic Induſtry and Commerce join'd,
Here wide diffuſe their richeſt ſtores combin'd.

Great and free Country! may no hoſtile hand,
No conqu'ring foes invade thy native land.
Be ſteady to thyſelf—let party rage,
No longer now thy Freeborn ſons engage.
For ever guard Religion's ſacred cauſe.
And ſtill defend thy government and laws.
For ah! attentive mark the hapleſs fate
That mars the glories of thy rival ſtate!
The wild philoſophy of modern time,
Here ſtalks with daring front and eye ſublime.
In Gallia's realm ſhe fixes her abode,
Their love, their ſole religion, and their God.
The Church, their once adored mother, dies,
The Atheiſt triumphs, and the Goſpel flies.
Prone falls the mitre from the ſacred head,
Palls, cowls and croſiers on the earth are ſpread.
The awful dome to piety devote,
From the fierce turbulence of life remote,

Where the pale virgin from the world retir'd,
By peace encircled, and by faith inſpir'd,
Gave the ſweet prime of life to weet away,
And Beauty's roſe to languiſh in decay;
Calm without paſſions where no cares invade,
Nor heave the boſom of the holy maid,
The awful dome, where ſainted Hermit's ſage,
Or penſive youth, and hoary headed age,
Or where the pious Monk, in lonely cell,
Heard the ſhrill tinkling of the matin bell;
Releas'd from anxious care, from paſſion free,
Where ſuperſtition bent the pious knee,
Falls in the gen'ral ſtorm that ſweeps away
Laws, form, and order from the face of day,
Pale gleams the jewel on the Monarch's creſt,
And the ſtar withers at the Noble's breaſt.
The pomp of titles, and the pride of birth,
Unheeded things! lie trampled on the earth.
While the rough peaſant in that happy realm,
Turns legiſlator, and directs the helm.
The ſavage, recent from the dreary wild,
The ſtructure nice of government can build,
Can ſee its juſt dependencies combin'd,
Clear and diſtinct as Solon's boaſted mind.

Vain is the claſſic lore, and poliſh'd taſte,
Vain are the precious minutes that we waſte
In penſive ſtudy, and with aching head,
On the rich labours of the learned dead.
Vain is experience—'tis in vain to pore
On ancient tales, and muſty annals o'er.
The ſage Hiſtoric Muſe may wing her flight,
And each recording Poet ſink in night.
For man can riſe to wiſdom in a day,
He moves, and finds perfection in his way.
The hand which led the horſe, or plough'd the field,
And bade the harveſt to the ſickle yield,
Now poizes laws, and balances the fates
Of trembling Monarchs, and of mighty ſtates.
Learning and wiſdom time was wont to bring;
Now Senators are made as muſhrooms ſpring.
Riſe from thy bed of death, D'Alembert, riſe,
See thy bold ſyſtem tow'ring to the ſkies;
See fair Religion, the angelic maid,
From Gallia's region turn her drooping head—
Burſt, Voltaire, burſt the cearments of the grave,
See faction burn, and civil fury rave.
Nor thee, O Rouſſeau, let the tomb reſtrain,
But, ah! reviſit thy lov'd haunts again!

Feaſt thy inſatiate eye, tranſported gaze,
Thou, who the boldeſt paradox couldſt raiſe
In thy diſtracted fancy—couldſt direct
To give the youthful paſſions range uncheckt;
Leſt hoary prejudice, and trammell'd art,
Might warp the native feelings of the heart,
See now thy darling philoſophic theme,
No more a viſion, or an empty dream,
See murder and deſtruction lord it wide,
And ſlaughter'd Monarchs ſwell the dreadful tide;

By ſuch misfortunes taught to ſhun this doom,
O Britain laſt for ages yet to come!
Be firmly virtuous, and the world in arms
Shall threat thy naval ſhores with vain alarms,

THE SCHOOLMASTER,

A

P O E M,

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE,

BY

THOMAS LAGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL,

SPOKEN ON THE PUBLIC DAY, WEDNESDAY,
October 6th, 1790.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE KERMIT OFFICE, BY W. M'DOWALL.

1790.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A

POEM

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER's STYLE,

BY

THOMAS AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

SPOKEN ON THE PUBLIC DAY, WEDNESDAY,
October 2d, 1793.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A POEM

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

BY

THOMAS DAGER.

A POEM

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER's STYLE,

BY

T. AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

SEE yonder dome, ſequeſter'd pleaſing ſeat,
Where noble Science undiſputed reigns,
And Learning's votaries hold a ſafe retreat,
Smiling ſuperior o'er the ample plains
That Wiſdom doth unfold with mickle pains.
In there forſooth a Pedagogue ydwells,
To whom the order of that dome pertains,
Licentious Youth, and turbulent he quells;
But ſuch as love the Muſe with recompenſe impels.

Thrice happy Youths who habit this abode,
Whoſe dawning paſſions iſſue bad betray;
Eftſoons within this realm you feel the goad,
That ſpurs to noble acts and points the way;

Which certes after gladly, you ſhall ſay:
Tho' it may cauſe laments, and tears to flow,
And eke in anguiſh cauſe th' unhappy day;
Withouten that might come an heavier blow,
From looſe and diſſipated life, inceſſant woe!

There as you enter at the portal wide,
Where maſſy doors on grating hinges ſound,
Grammar ytakes his ſeat; on either ſide
Emblems portray'd divinely ſhine around;
And thoſe he fancies moſt, thoſe moſt abound.
All in their ſeveral forms the Youths take place
In ſtudy fixt, and ſilence ſo profound
There ſov'rain reigns, when eke they ſee the face
Of Pedagogue them proaching near with ſolemn pace.

Full in his right the rod of power he ſways,
The Mantuan bard doth grace th' inferior hand;
The firſt for puniſhment of evil ways,
This ſkill'd the youthful talents to expand,
A work yprais'd in ev'ry poliſh'd land.
His blacken gown that ſweeps along the floor,
With mantle black, reſpect and awe command;
Such and ſo terrible their eyes before,
He calls the lower forms to con their leſſons o'er.

One hapleſs elf amid the num'rous train,
Who rare in learning ought, but ſorrow, knew;
Preſaging dire confuſion, eke and pain,
Approach'd reluctant to the Tutor's view;
For well he kenn'd what to neglect was due.
The rev'rend Guardian 'ſumes his time-worn place,
His praiſes there the diligent purſue:
Whilſt this poor urchin, ſad with tearful face,
Stood all aghaſt to meet his vengeance with diſgrace.

The gen'rous Youths who have this Tutor's aid,
And take delight in Virtue's paths, ſo green,
Such in his preſence free and unafraid,
And 'fore his dread tribunal firm are ſeen,
With count'nance compos'd and placid mien.
But on the imps to idleneſs a prey,
His viſage ghaſtly terrible I ween;
His baleful eyne the miſcreant eke ſurvey,
Who durſt his great beheſts and precepts diſobey.

Then the well known decrees eft iſſue find,
His dreadful voice mote ſtart a braver ear,
But muchen more th' aſtonied elfins mind;
Eftſoons on back of ſorrowing compeer,

Hoiſted aloft, his brogues let down appear.
Down from his ſeat then ſtalks with ſterneſt eye,
The ſov'rain deſpot, and aſſaults his rear
With ſcourge imprinting, erſt ybrandiſh'd high,
Heedleſs of cries & ſhrieks, which nought yſignifie.

Soon as his full meridian ſplendor bright,
Dan Phœbus hath ygain'd, with wild uproar
The youth outruſh impetuous to delight,
As billows rolling on the ſea-beat ſhore.
The welkin with their noiſe reſoundeth ſore;
To various games the ſtriplings eke repair,
While ſome more ſtudious on the learned pore,
Whoſe works have been th' effects of toil and care,
And may for future days their dawning power prepare.

Beneath the ſhade of deep embow'ring maſt,
Some lie repoſing on the graſs ſo gay,
And eke diſcourſe of old adventures paſt,
While others ſhouting various gambols play,
And ſports of pleaſure crowd the joyous day.
Some ſtand yrank'd the rapid courſe to try;
Gladden'd I ween their ſwiftneſs to diſplay;
The word now giv'n, they with each other vie,
To reach the diſtant goal, and all their vigour ply.

But as I mus'd far off, in crowd conven'd,
Behind a copſe I chaunced to eſpy,
From piercing ken of Tutor well yſkreen'd,
Two combatants amain who did defy
Each other as erſt Knights in chivalry:
Who whilom for a dame or lady fair,
Contended each his rival to outvie.
So ruſh the furious heroes to the war,
And of the ſanguine plain the doubtful conflict dare.

Theſe wights forſooth ne ſhining falchion knew,
Ne hurl'd the fragments of a rock uptore;
But with well-aimed fiſticuffs perdue,
The foes eke gall'd, and were ygalled ſore,
And badge of bloody noſe their faces bore.
Ne Grecian warrior and ne Roman band,
In diſcord horrible, ſuch plight afore,
Did e'er experience—but their deeds demand
The future ſtrains and pen of ſome more able hand.

Now 'mong this ſtripling crew methinks I ſee
Some who in Britain's ſenate may abide;
Tho' now ſo low and groveling they be:
And here an embryo Biſhop may abide:

Some too who armies and who fleets may guide:
To try poetic flights in juv'nile days,
A dawning Milton it may eke betide,
A Newton's genius here may crave the bays,
Due to his honours, name, and his immortal praise.

PART OF

MILTON's LYCIDAS,

IN LATIN VERSE,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. McDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

PART OF

MILTON's LYCIDAS,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

AH! vos æternæ lauri, nigræque myricæ,
Queis, Hederæ, et ſemper fronde virente decus!
Jamque manu, ah! iterum, crudeli vellere baccas
Regredior—miſero talia fata jubent!
Tanti cauſa mali, res dura atque aſpera, cogunt
Me turbare comas, legere et ante diem.
Occidit en Lycidas, Lycidas dum floruit ætas;
Proh dolor! et juvenis par ſibi nullus erat.
Quis decus eximium Lycidæ celebrare negaret?
Carmina callebat, ſtruxit et ipſe melos.
Ne ferat undoſum fluitantia membra feretrum,
Nec mare ventoſo flabra cadaver agant

Indeploratum Muſis, et carmine dulci,
Carmine quod tribuat præmia juſta bonis.
Incipite ergo Deæ vos ſacri fontis alumnæ,
Splendenti ſolio cui Jovis unda ſalit.
Incipite, et filum citharæ pulſate canoræ;
Sit mora lenta procul, ſitq; repulſa procul.
Sic mihi defuncto quædam fatale ſepulcrum
Muſa benigna ſacris fletibus uſq; riget:
Dicat et, "exanimum corpus jam pace quieſcas,"
Dum tumulum meditans præterit illa novum.
Nutribat mons idem ambo; prope fluminis undam,
Sylvarumve umbras pavit uterque pecus.
Vix juga ſumma novi referabant lumina ſolis,
Cum ſimul impulimus lata per arva greges.
Auribus obſtrepuit ſcarabæi murmure cornu,
Noxque ſimul liquido rore refecit oves.
Dum ſtellæ, tandem quæ lucida veſpere ſurgit,
Occidua obliquo vergeret orbe rota.
Nec ſiluere lyræ interea, nec dulcis arundo,
Nec renuit blandum vox modulata melos.
Agreſtes ſatyri terram alterno pede pulſant,
Hic Fauni raptim capripedes celerant;
Damætaſq; ſenex, paſtorum gloria quondam,
Intentâ gratos hauſerat aure ſonos.

Sors infausta! dolor crudelis! et aspera fata!
Tu peris, atque mihi non rediture peris!
Te lugent saltus, pastor, te sylva, thymoq;
Et sola erranti palmite cincta specus.
His longe auditur vox ingeminata doloris,
Dum passim indignam personat Echo necem.
Haud iterum corylus viridans, nec glauca salicta
Exagitent frondes carmine læta tuo.
Ut solet esse rosæ vernanti noxia tabes,
Tondentique gregi gramina vermis edax,
Floribus utque gelu, chlamyde fragrantibus albâ,
Cum pubet gemmis oxyacantha novis;
Sic nobis subitâ, Lycida, te morte peremptum
Haud ingrata minus nuncia fama tulit.
Quo nemore aut saltu Nymphæ, quando æquoris unda
Dilectum Lycidæ merfit acerba caput?
Nam neque lusistis proclivo in monte puellæ,
Quò vestri Druides, inclyta turba, jacent.
Nec lusistis enim hirsuto in culmine Monæ,
Nec quà incantato flumine Deva ruit.
Hei mihi mens incerta! feror sub imagine vanâ!
Præsentes Nymphæ non tribuatis opem.
Siccine Musa tulit, doctum quæ parturit Orphea,
Auxilium soboli siccine Musa tulit?

Quem tota indoluit miſerans natura, feroces
Cum vati injiceret barbara turba manus
Sanguine et exundans caput a cervice revulſum
Leſbos ad ora celer volveret Hebrus aquis.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

———PURPURA VENDIT
CAUSIDICUM.———

AN

EPIGRAM,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWAL.
Anno 1793.

AN

EPIGRAM,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

AS on a time, I chanc'd to ſpy,
A gay-clad crowd with wond'ring eye;
Thronging around a lofty ſtage,
To ſee the gambols of the age;
I ſcarce had turn'd; the dancer ſprings,
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted then, now downward bends,
Then thro' his twiſted arms aſcends.
Hiſſes at length, and clappings loud,
Succeed; re-echoing thro' the crowd;
When ſtrait a man, with ſable cloak,
His fickle mind aloud beſpoke:

" My ſalve will remedy all cure,
" Where'er applied tis always ſure;
" My pills will charm the dying heart,
" Relieve the ſoul from diſmal ſmart!"

Straitway a ruſtic ſlowly took,
A ſhilling from his leathern poke,
Then ſhow'd the Quack the ready pelf,
Who quick from off the bending ſhelf,
A mottled packet reach'd of pills,
And ſaid, theſe ſoon will cure your ills.
Pleas'd with the gilt and tawdry ſhow,
With nimble footſteps ſee him go.
Scarce reach'd his houſe, the doſe he tried;
The dog has poiſon'd me he cry'd;
And the next day fell ſick and dy'd.

Learn then this truth, while learn you can,
'Tis not vain dreſs, but wiſdom makes the man.

THE

TEMPLE OF DEATH,

BY

JOHN LE COUTEUR,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

K

THE

TEMPLE OF DEATH,

BY

JOHN LE COUTEUR,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

WHEN o'r the world black Night had ſpread her ſhade,
And weary men on downy beds were laid;
Scarce balmy ſleep my ſlumb'ring eyes had clos'd,
And ſcarce my drowſy members had repos'd:
Methought I was tranſported far on high,
Beyond the paths where tow'ring eagles fly.
Beneath this ſky unknown to genial day,
Where Sol ne'er ſhot his vivifying ray,
Sudden a ſtructure of ſtupendous ſize,
Preſents itſelf before my wond'ring eyes;
Eternal ſnows and clouds beſet its bounds,
An iron wall the lofty pile ſurrounds;

And o'er its top a ſable roof is ſpread,
That thro' the ſhades erects its awful head.
Within this Temple far around are ſeen
Pale and lean monſters of a frightful mien:
Few diſmal bells within its dome reſound,
That toll a deep majeſtic knell around.
High on the throne a hideous Goddeſs ſtands,
And graſps a dagger in her bloody hands;
Awful ſhe ſits upon the lofty mole,
From time to time her baleful eye-balls roll;
She throws her fatal glances ev'ry way,
And caſts around, grief, horror, and diſmay.
A thouſand portents, meagre, pale, defac'd,
Near her abode in triple rows are plac'd.
The worſt of monſters that around her ſtood,
Was War, dire fiend, bedew'd with human blood;
Furious and fell, he waves a glitt'ring blade,
And feaſts his eyes on mountains of the dead;
Whets the bright ſteel, puts battles in array,
And o'erwhelms empires in a ſingle day;
'Twas he who flam'd in Philip's barb'rous van,
And fir'd him with the rage of killing man;
Excited Cæſar to lay waſte the plain,
And dye with human gore the gulphy main.

Next meagre Want appears with hungry rage,
Contending Diſcord, old decrepid Age,
And Av'rice, doom'd for ever to behold
Luxurious plenty, and high heaps of gold,
Yet ſtarve, and ne'er enjoy the ſweets of reſt,
And ever ſeem with gnawing cares oppreſt:
'Twas he who taught proud Cortes' dreadful ſword,
To bend beneath its edge the fierce Mexican Lord;
Induc'd Pizarro's troops to overrun
The gentle harmleſs children of the Sun.

Of fell Diſeaſes next a diſmal band,
In num'rous cohorts round the Goddeſs ſtand;
There writhes the Stone; there ſenſeleſs Palſy lies,
Cold are her limbs, and ſtiff her haggard eyes.
Deſtructive Plague, beſt miniſter of Death,
Spreads far and wide her peſtilential breath.
Decay'd Conſumption her ſlow poiſon blows:
And Febris dire her mad'ning fury ſhows.
A thouſand others, not unknown to fame,
Fatal to man, the Muſe forbears to name.
For who could reckon all the grains of ſand,
That whirl around in Tart'ry's deſert land?

Or who could count, when foaming billows roar,
The briny waves that laſh Britannia's ſhore?
Theſe monſters Death ſubjects beneath her ſway,
Her laws they keep, and her commands obey.
She from the throne beholds the earthly ſcene,
The barren deſerts, and the foreſts green;
She ſees the floods, and tractleſs oceans flow,
The ſpiry cities, and the realms below:
In ev'ry place, where'er her fancy bends,
Her furious monſters with a nod ſhe ſends;
Thro' earth's vaſt deſerts then they cleave their way,
And ſpread on earth, grief, horror, and diſmay.
They hold beneath their abſolute domain,
The gold-clad monarch, and the ſimple ſwain.
Nor high ambition, nor the bloom of health,
The boaſt of ſtrength, the gaudy pomp of wealth.
The boons of ſcience, and all beauty's charms,
Can e'er ſhun Death's inevitable arms.
Nor can a father's or a mother's tears,
Nor e'en ſweet friendſhip ſoothe his cruel ears.

Scarce had I view'd this gloomy ſcene of night,
All pale with horror at the dreadful ſight;

When ſuddenly theſe awful words reſound,
From the black depth of that abode profound:
" O flow'r! whoſe gaudy bloom muſt ſoon decay;
" O life! how trans'ent is thy paſſing day;
" How many foes againſt thee ſtill conſpire,
" To check thy flame, or ſnatch thy heav'nly fire.
" What furious enemies around thee rage,
" In ardent youth and hoary headed age!
" And thou, grim tyrant of eternal night,
" O Death! how many tremble at thy ſight:
" Yet not the furies that around thee ſtand,
" Nor all the monſters that thy throne attend,
" Can daunt the man, who, courting Virtue's charms,
" Sought from his youth protection in her arms.
" Firm is the hero, undiſmay'd by death,
" Who for the ſtate reſigns his gen'rous breath;
" Firm too the man, who nobly poor and great,
" Bears with intrepid front the ſtrokes of fate.
" Such was the Theban, whoſe undaunted breaſt
" Protected Greece, by tyranny oppreſt.
" And Socrates, whoſe death-deſpiſing ſoul
" Fear'd not to drink the poiſon'd hemlock's bowl.
" Hail Virtue! hail bright daughter of the ſky,
" Thou guide of men to happineſs on high.

" He who thy precepts in his life diſplays,
" Above this mortal ſcene his hopes ſhall raiſe.
" Her ghaſtlieſt viſage, frowning death ſhall ſhow,
" Diſeaſe, and tort'ring pain, and gloomy woe;
" Calm and ſerene, theſe terrors he can brave,
" And look to future worlds beyond the grave."

Theſe words I heard—but Sol's enliv'ning ray,
Diſpell'd the dark, and brought the golden day:
Soon as my eyes began to feel the light,
The viſion vaniſh'd from my wond'ring ſight.

AN ELEGY;

TIBULLUS TO NEÆRA;

BY

J. G. LITTLEHALES,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

SPOKEN ON THE PUBLIC DAY, WEDNESDAY,
October 2*d*, 1793.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. McDOWAL.
Anno 1793.

AN

ELEGY:

TIBULLUS TO NEÆRA;

BY

JOSEPH GASCOYNE LITTLEHALES,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

IN vain to Heaven my ſuppliant voice I raiſe,
In vain ſhall incenſe on the altars blaze,
'Tis not to gain a wide extending home,
Or iſſue pompous from a marble dome;
Not that my ploughs may copious harveſts yield,
Nor pamper'd oxen graze my paſtur'd field:
Claſp'd in thy arms, may I my ſorrows drown,
Sink on thy breaſt, when age ſhall weigh me down;

When time ſhall wear my thin-ſpun life away,
'Lone may I tread the dark Lethæan way.
Ah! what avail thoſe copious heaps of gold?
Thoſe oxen ploughing the prolific mould?
Ah! what avails that high majeſtic pile,
Adorn'd with columns from the Parian iſle?
Woods planted round to form the ſacred groves,
With beams of pureſt gold, and fair alcoves?
And what the ſhell that glows on Arab's plains,
The ſplendid robe that Tyrian purple ſtains?
How can frail man ſo fooliſhly delight,
In this, the child of envy and deſpite?
Wealth is no balm to heart-corroding cares;
'Tis Fortune regulates the world's affairs.
Poor let me be, with thee, excelling fair!
Without thee, kingdoms are not worth my care.
Haſte then, oh! thrice, and four times happy day!
Haſte, bring Neæra from her long delay!
But if my guardian God his favour ſhow,
Aſſiſt my pray'rs, and hear my ſuppliant vow;
Not Lydia's ſands delight, that gild the ſhore,
Not this world's riches, nor a thouſand more;

Ah! theſe let others chooſe, while I enjoy,
With thee my cot, and in thy boſom toy.
Come then, Saturnia, join my ardent prayer,
And thou, fair Venus, in thy pearly car;
If Fortune fail, or bitter Fate deny,
Neæra loſt, I languiſh and I die.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SOLILOQUY.

A

POEM.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN LE COUTEUR,

AND PUBLISHED BY

LEONARD MAPEN,

AT THE

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Price Six Pence, Neatly Done Up, Gilt Edge, 1793.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M'GOWAN.
June 1793.

ROBINSON CRUSOE's SOLILOQUY.

A

POEM

WRITTEN BY

JOHN LE COUTEUR,

AND SPOKEN BY

LEONARD RAPER,

BOTH OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Public Day, Wednesday, October 2d, 1793.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^CDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

ROBINSON CRUSOE's SOLILOQUY.

A

POEM

BY

JOHN LE COUTEUR,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

TEN times already this ſlow-moving Sun
Around the globe its annual courſe has run;
Since I, condemn'd to ſee mankind no more,
Was caſt alone upon this deſert ſhore.
'Tis ten long years ſince I, to grief a prey,
In melancholy paſs my hours away,
Ah! what avails, that o'er this ſea-girt land
Nature ſtrew'd plenty with a lib'ral hand?
And what the happier, if from ſea to ſea
The fowls and beaſts I hold beneath my ſway?
While here I live ſecluded from mankind,
Nor can my likeneſs in the deſert find.

Whate'er I view, where'er my ſteps I bend,
Affright and horror on my ſteps attend.
If from the coaſt, by roaring ſeas embrac'd,
I caſt my eyes along the boundleſs waſte,
With heaving breaſt I ſigh for my return,
And loſt in anguiſh for my country burn;
My heart has melted when my eyes have ſeen
Th' eternal barrier that remains between.
If to the woods and graſſy vales I turn,
I find freſh cauſe my cruel fate to mourn.
Here the rough goats along the mountains ſtray,
And, group'd together, friſk their lives away.
And there the feather'd race, in merry throng,
Are heard together chirp their twitt'ring ſong;
In ſhort, whatever nature's bounds encloſe,
Link'd in ſociety forget their woes.
I, I alone in ſorrow night and day,
Outcaſt of nature, mourn my life away.
No human accents ſoothe my tedious hours,
But all around black melancholy low'rs.
Curſt be the day, when firſt by tempeſt toſt,
I trode this lone inhoſpitable coaſt.
I ſtill remember, when with many a ſigh,
I climb'd yon oak that rears its head ſo high;

'Twas night—and nought was heard among the trees,
But the faint dying roar of diſtant ſeas.
Scarce on my eyes had ſleep his pinions ſpread,
Than various viſions hover'd round my head.
Methought I was tranſported o'er the main,
Where London tow'ring overlooks the plain.
There with my friends, and dear companions join'd,
I ſooth'd with them the ſorrows of my mind;
And to my longing family reſtor'd,
I felt the ſweets that private life afford.
At this I wake—I ſtart—I look around—
I ſhriek—the mountains to my voice rebound:
An hundred echoes anſwer to the gales,
And trill black horror on the liſt'ning vales.
E'en ſilence ſeems to ſhrink, and to complain
Of the ſad voice that ſcares his lonely reign.
Ah! ſhould one man be waſted o'er the main,
To double pleaſures, and divide my pain!
No! in this gloomy ſolitude I ſtay
Till welcome death ſhall end my wretched day.
No friendly eyes ſhall drop a tender tear,
No darling ſon my dying words ſhall hear;
In ſome ſequeſter'd corner ſhall I lie
The prey of beaſts and vultures of the ſky.

All comfort is deny'd but Heav'n,—'Tis there
My only hopes, Almighty Pow'r, appear.
Enough—the night her ſable veil has ſpread,
And the pale moon forſakes her wat'ry bed;
To yonder gloomy cave I now retreat,
The morn ſhall hear me mourn again my fate.

A

TRANSLATION

OF

GRAY's ELEGY,

INTO

LATIN VERSE,

BY

J. D.

AND SPOKEN BY

JOHN WARDLE,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Public Day, Wednesday, October 2d, 1793.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

ELEGEÏA, &c.

ELEGEÏA, &c.

I.

FUNERA vergentis resonat campana diei,
Et reboans lentè permeat arva pecus.
Jamque domum fessus repetens iter urget arator,
Et nox sola mihi restat in orbe comes.

II.

Abstulit en rebus jam vespera sera colores,
Æthera jamque tenet pax, et opaca quies.
Ni segnem rotat orbe fugam quà Cantharus, atque Æs
Murmure somnifero sopit ovile procul:

III.

Ni, quà turrim hedera obrepens amplectitur istam,
Ejulat hoc Bubo culmine, mœsta canens,
Incusatque pedes Lunæ, sub nocte vagantes,
Qui soli turbant regna vetusta laris.

ELEGY, &c.

I.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

II.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

III.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

IV.

Quà ſcabræ ſurgunt ulmi, quàque explicat umbram
Taxus, et in putri ceſpite terra tumet,
Quisque diu poſitus, tumuloque reconditus arcto,
Æternum Pagi gens proavita jacet.

V.

Thura nec exhalans Aurora rubentis Eoi,
Nec quæ ſtramineâ garrit hirundo caſâ,
Nec cornu ingeminans, nec vox argutula galli,
Extimulent humili corpora laſſa toro.

VI.

Haud matrona foco in reditum nunc ſuſcitet ignem,
Veſpere nec ſolitum ſedula cogat opus.
Nec puer adventum patris balbutiat almi,
Nec ſcandat præreptum oſcula blanda genu.

VII.

Falcibus, heu! crebris ſegetes cecidêre reſectæ,
Sulcavitque glebam vomere dura manus.
Quam prompti notos agitârunt plauſtra per agros,
Ictibus et quoties ſylva ſubacta ruit!

VIII.

Ne tamen Ambitio ſpernat maleſana labores,
Sortem, et queis ludos mens recreata rudes:
Nec riſu evolvat, tumidoque Superbia vultu
Pauperis annales et monumenta domûs.

IV.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

V.

The breezy call of incence-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

VI.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

VII.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

VIII.

Let no ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

IX.

Et regum diadema, et avitæ gloria famæ,
Quicquid opes dederunt, formaque lauta dedit,
Supremam expectant fati implacabilis horam—
Insuper ad tumulum sistit honoris iter.

X.

Nec genus hoc culpate hominum, vos corda superbi,
Si memor ostendat nulla tropœa lapis,
Quà rutilas inter cameras, claustrumque profundum,
Organa concentus laudis ad astra ferunt.

XI.

Effigies viva, et prædives honoribus urna,
An retrahant animam, heu! semel ore vagam?
Provocet an cineres Famæ vox alta silentûm,
Vel Mors blandiloquos hauriat aure sonos?

XII.

Mens olim prægnans auraï simplîcis igne
Forte sub hoc spreto cespite tecta jacet.
Hîc jacet ista manus sceptro dignanda superbo,
Vel quæ pulsaret vivida fila lyræ*.

XIII.

Sed longos veterum annales, monimentaque callens,
Doctrina haud chartam pandit amœna suam.
Ingenii ardentis flammam compressit egestas,
Et pigro astrinxit pectora dia gelu.

* *No translation could do justice to the original,* " Wak'd to Ecstacy."
—" The Living Lyre," *it is hoped, is in some degree preserved.*

IX.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

XI.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion, call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?

XII.

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſwayed,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre.

XIII.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of Time did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

XIV.

Ecce ſub Oceani marmor, vaſtumque profundum,
Clara et ſcintillans plurima gemma latet.
Et roſa multa rubet, penituſque abſcondita ſylvis
Prodigit ingrato dulcia ſæpe Noto.

XV.

Ruſticus Hampdenus, ruris violata tyranno
Qui firmâ aſſeruit jura vetuſta manu,
Hic quoque Miltonus, rudis et ſine laude, quieſcat,
Hic Cromuel, patrii ſanguinis innocuus.

XVI.

Captare eloquii Cætus dulcedine, dira
Subjicere et pedibus ſortis, et omne malum.
Munere Amaltheæ populum ditare beatum,
Perlegere et proprium gentis in ore decus,

XVII.

Sors vetuit; nec tantum dura coercuit ortas
Virtutes animi, ſed quoque grande nefas.
Non dedit his regnum crudeli cæde paratum,
Parcere nec miſeris neſcia corda dedit,

XVIII.

Nec celare dolum lætâ ſub fronte malignum,
Exuere et ſignum quo rubet ora pudor,
Nec Faſtûs Luxûſque onerare altaria thure,
Thure quod Aonidum, heu! calet igne ſacro.

XIV.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs in the deſert air.

XV.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

XVI.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er the ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

XVII.

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to the throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

XVIII.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incence kindled at the Muſe's flame.

XIX.

Hos nunquam, ſtrepitu procul et popularibus auris,
Inſanus magni nominis arſit amor.
Vita ſed effluxit paulatim, in valle reductâ
Ut curſu tacito labitur unda levis.

XX.

Attamen hîc videas fragilis monumenta ſepulchri
Quæ cineres ſanctâ relligione tegunt:
Quæ gemitum eliciant lachrymaſque, ſine arte figuræ
Cælatæ, atque rudes ſtant ſuper oſſa modi.

XXI.

Nomen et annorum ſeries inculta Camœna
Expreſſit; famam namque Elegeia negat:
Multaque diſpergens de ſacro dogmata Libro,
His docet intentum vulgus agreſte mori.

XXII.

Quis dubiam hanc vitam, quis corpora cara relinquit,
Nec vult poſteritas ſit memor uſque ſui?
Quis ſociale jubar, lætas et deſerit auras,
Et non flexa retro lumina ſera tenet?

XXIII.

Pectus adeſt fidum cui mens abeuntis inhæret,
Lumina nos fletus morte gravata rogant.
Extollit vocem tumuli Natura ſub umbris,
Priſca etenim et cineres abdita flamma fovet.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

XX.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

XXI.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

XXII.

For who to dum Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind.

XXIII.

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies.
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

Aſt tibi, defunctos et mortis honore carentes
Qui memoras, tali carmine fata canens;
Si mens affinis, repetens mortalia ſecum,
Ultima ſi cupiat diſcere ſorte tuâ;

XXV.

Vidimus hunc primi ſub lumina ſolis et ortus
(Sic albus dicat tempora cana ſenex)
Ire ſalutatum radios in vertice collis,
Verrentem et celeri roſcida rura pede.

XXVI.

Sæpe ſub hâc fago, variis quæ nexibus arbor
Radices ſinuat luxuriata ſuas,
Segnis, iners corpus, medio diſcumberet æſtu;
Vultus inhærebat murmure pronus aquæ.

XXVII.

Hanc propter ſylvam, riſu ſolvente labella,
Muſſabat tacitè, et devia verba dabat.
Tum languens, mœſtusque, velut quem deſtituit ſpes,
Curave quem domuit, quemve fefellit amor.

XXVIII.

Una dies fulſit; ſoliti nec vertice collis
Tegmine nec fagi cernitur ille ſuæ.
Altera ſucceſſit; nec propter murmur aquarum
Nec ſylvam propter, nec juga propter erat.

XXIV.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tales relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

XXV.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn.
"Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dew away
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

XXVI.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

XXVII.

"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

XXVIII.

"One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

XXIX.

Tertia lux oritur : corpuſque exangue ſepulchro
Proh dolor ! effertur triſtibus exequiis.
Perlege (nam potis es) tumulum quà ſentis inumbrat
Perlege quæ referat carmina ſculpta lapis.

XXIX.

"The next with dirges due in ſad array
" Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn."

EPITAPHIUM.

I.

Hïc caput in gremio terræ juvenile quieſcit,
Quod fortuna latet, quod vaga fama ſilet.
Haud torvo aſpexit præclara ſcientia vultu,
Melpomene excerpſit lugubris uſque ſibi.

II.

Larga fuit, fictæ ſimul et mens inſcia fraudis,
Miſit et in votis præmia digna Deus:
Ærumnis lachrymas dedit (omne quod ipſe tenebat)
Optatum peperit munus—amicus erat.

III.

Virtutes reſerare ultra jam deſine, vitæ
Delicta horrendo vel revocare loco,
(Illic ſpem tremulam pariter, ſuſpenſa, reponunt)
Pectore nempe Patris, pectore nempe Dei.

EPITAPH.

I.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

II.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all wiſh'd) a friend.

III.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

PRAISES OF DRESS.

THOMAS LEMPRIERE,

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M'COWAN.

THE

PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE

BY

THOMAS LEMPRIERE,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

P

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE,

BY

THOMAS LEMPRIERE.

So, with paternal vigour deep imprest,
When youth incites to quit the downy nest,
When vernal airs diffuse the purer day,
And all invite to dare the bold essay,
The bird of Jove with fearful pinions soars,
And thro' the skies unwonted paths explores,
(To whom the king of gods conferr'd the sway;
O'er fearless'd tribes that wing th' aerial way;)
Now rous'd for nobler deeds, unknown a fear,
On trembling foldş he dares defensive war.
Now, fir'd for conteſt, meditates below
Th' envenom'd dragon next, a nearer foe.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE,

BY

THOMAS LEMPRIERE,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

So, with paternal vigour deep impreſt,
When youth incites to quit the downy neſt,
When vernal airs diffuſe the purer day,
And all invite to dare the bold eſſay,
The bird of Jove with fearful pinions ſoars,
And thro' the ſkies unwonted paths explores.
(To whom the king of gods conferr'd the ſway,
O'er feather'd tribes that wing th' ærial way;)
Now rous'd for nobler deeds, unknown to fear,
On trembling folds he darts deſtructive war.
Now, fir'd for conteſt, meditates below
Th' envenom'd dragon next, a fiercer foe.

So, as the fearful goats, when o'er the mead
They ſee, juſt wean'd, the youthful lion tread;
Thoughtleſs of food they ſtand, and trembling wait
Within his recent teeth approaching fate.
So the fierce Rhœti ſaw, with native fire,
The Druſian chief the flames of war inſpire.
Then that proud conqu'ring nation learnt to feel
(Now ſunk beneath the youth's victorious ſteel)
How Cæſar's precepts and paternal care,
How Cæſar's tow'ring ſoul avail in war.
From heroes heroes ſpring, alike inſpir'd;
The ſteed with proud paternal vigour 's fir'd;
Genius improves by learning's ſweet control,
And diſcipline confirms the virtuous ſoul:
Vice, in the mind uncurb'd, exerts her pow'rs,
And ev'ry ſeed of rip'ning good devours.
How great thy debt to Nero's arm, appeal
O Rome! thy foes atteſt, and floods can tell.—
That day when mournful Latium ceas'd to groan,
That day when firſt propitious vict'ry ſhone.
When Carthage's champion, in his dread career,
Pour'd round thy walls th' inſatiate rage of war,
Swift as the flames thro' crackling foreſts rave,
Swift as the tempeſts ſweep the troubled wave;

Vain was his haughty boaſt—with laurell'd brow
Rome's chieftains triumph'd o'er the conquer'd foe,
Each fane, polluted by the hoſtile ſword,
Beheld the ſtatues of her gods reſtor'd.

"We like the fearful ſtag, purſuing run,
"And dare that force 'tis victory to ſhun."
The treach'rous Punic ſaid, "A race that bore
"Their ſons and fathers from the Trojan ſhore;
"A race that, o'er the Tuſcan billows toſt,
"Thro' various labours reach'd th'Auſonian coaſt.
"Like the ſtrong oak which, hewn by hardy ſwains,
"New ſtrength and vigour from each wound regains.
"So ſtrong and fierce not wounded hydra grew,
"Nor Theban arm ſo great a monſter ſlew.
"If in the deep their navy ſinks below,
"A nobler force ſhall riſe to dare the foe:
"If in the field their num'rous pow'rs contend,
"Beneath their arms dejected victor's bend.
"No more propitious tidings now, no more
"Shall ſignal triumphs glad the Punic ſhore!
"All fortune droops, no hopes, alas! remain,
"Our fame and glory—Haſdrubal is ſlain!
"The fates o'er Rome propitious ſmile above,
"Whoſe arm can all effect—its leader Jove."

VATICINIUM DE TROJÆ EXCIDIO.

TRANSLATED FROM

HORACE,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M'DOWALL.

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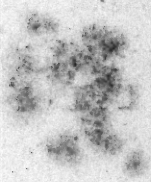

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VATICINIUM DE TROJÆ EXCIDIO.

A

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE,

BY

WILLIAM AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

WHEN the perfidious Shepherd wafted o'er
The beauteous Helen to thePhrygian ſhore,
Nereus reſtrain'd the winds within their dome,
And ſang of Ilion and the fates to come:
" With unpropitious omens you convey,
" The charming miſchief thro' the foaming ſea,
" In whoſe revenge the Grecian ſtates ſhall pour
" Ten thouſand warriors on your hapleſs ſhore;
" Conſpir'd your lawleſs nuptials to confound,
" And level Priam's kingdom with the ground.
" Alas! the labour of the toilſome beaſt!
" Alas! the troubles of each Dardan breaſt!

" What direful carnage waits your deſtin'd realm!
" What grief ſhall Priam's aged orbs o'erwhelm!
" Now awful Pallas takes her glitt'ring car,
" Her ſhield, her helmet, and the rage of war.
" In vain elate with Venus' guardian care,
" You twine in flowing knots your yellow hair;
" In vain to damſels you enchanting ſing
" In ſtrains attemper'd to the ſounding ſtring;
" In vain you then ſhall fly the Gnoſſian dart,
" Or ſpears deteſted by the lover's heart;
" The ſound of neighing ſteeds and claſhing war,
" And Ajax ſwift purſuing in his car;
" Yet think the luckleſs day will come, tho' late,
" When your adult'rous head ſhall meet its fate.
" There ſtern Ulyſſes ſhall appear in arms;
" And Pylian Neſtor waging dire alarms:
" There warlike Teucer, in his rapid car,
" Shall urge thee headlong thro' the files of war:
" Then Sthenelus ſkill'd in battle ſhalt thou know,
" Whether on foot he combat with the foe,
" Or ſpur the courſer to th' embattled plain,
" He ſtands unrival'd in the martial train:
" There too Meriones, the ſtern and bold:
" Tydides raging as his ſire of old.

" Whom, (as a ſtag in ſome adjacent plain
" Seeing a diſtant wolf, ſcours off amain)
" You ſwift avoid with plaints and heaving ſighs,—
" Not ſuch your promiſe at your nuptial ties.
" Achilles' fury ſhall poſtpone the day
" When Grecian arms proud Troy in duſt ſhall lay.
" But after certain long extended days,
" With Grecian flames proud Ilion's domes ſhall
blaze."

FUNUS CYRI,

OR

THOMAS ACER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1792.

FUNUS CYRI,

BY

THOMAS AGER,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1793.

FUNUS CYRI.

H

FUNUS CYRI,

Scholaſtici Canis, peramati, et impenſis Tyronum ſplendido quodam funere inhumati, tumulo næniis uberrimè cumulato.

BY THOMAS AGER.

His ſaltem donis Cyrum lugemus ademptum,
His mihi jam liceat pingere mœſta modis.
Fata manent omnes; te te miſerrima, Cyre,
Abſtulit inſontem funeris atra dies:
Dente canis petiit*, cui Cerberus, horror Averni,
Impar, ingeminans te veniente gradum:
Tu fugis—aſſequitur crudeli vulnus hiatu,
Erumpens ſanguis gutture tingit humum.
Accurrunt omnes redienti, ſpiritus auras
Exhalat, nebulæ lumina nocte tegunt.
Lugentes pueri tua triſtia fata, ſepulchrum
Conſtruimus viridi ceſpite, Cyre, tibi.

* He was killed by a large Maſtiff.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

VERSES 10. 11. & 12.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN VERSE,

BY

CHARLES TANQUERAY,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.

Anno 1794.

TRANSLATION.

INGRATO eſtendes cineri miracula rerum,
Aut defuncta tuum concinet umbra decus.
Pulchrane pandetur bonitas in funere? nigri
Mulcebitve Erebi lurida regna fides?
Æternam reſonent loca nocte ſilentia laudem,
Umbrarum ſedes abdita, ſole carens?
Nulla manet pietas tumulo, nec dulcis imago
Dive tui—ipereunt carmina—lingua tacet.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

X.

Dost thou ſhew wonders among the dead: or ſhall the dead riſe up again and praiſe thee?

XI.

Shall thy loving-kindneſs be ſhewed in the grave: or thy faithfulneſs in deſtruction?

XII.

Shall thy wondrous works be known in the dark: and thy righteouſneſs in the land where all things are forgotten?

A PASSAGE

FROM

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

TRANSLATED

INTO

LATIN VERSE

BY

RICHARD BUDD,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:

AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M'GOWAN,

1794.

A PASSAGE

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Anno 1794.

TRANSLATION.

Hic paſſim barathi vultus flammavit oppaci,
Ceu fornax ignita; tamen pervenit ab igne
Nulla ſerena dies, verum caliginis horror
Pandebat triſteſque domos, ſub luce malignâ,
Et gelidos metus, et inexorabile regnum.
Hic ſpes non veniat, veniat quæ dulcis ad omnes.

MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

A DUNGEON, horrible on all ſides round,
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe—
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all!

ROMAM AERE DONATAM.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

MICHAEL DYER.

BERKHAMSTED.

IN

ROMAM RERUM DOMINAM.

AUCTORE,

MICHÄEL DUPRÉ,

,,

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

BERKHAMSTED:
AT THE HERALD OFFICE, BY W. M^cDOWALL.
Anno 1794.

IN ROMAM RERUM DOMINAM.

AUCTORE,

MICHAËL DUPRÉ,

PERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Heu Roma illustris! primæ olim gloria gentis!
Quæ rexit vastum raris virtutibus orbem;
Quæ arte excoluit, populos tutuditque feroces,
Volvitur in præceps: pen tosque illisa recumbit.
Sublimis Musæ Parnassi lacra colentes,
Anspirate meis divina nunc ne cœptis—
Fas audita loqui, fas et narrare labores.

Urbs antiqua ruit, Teucrorum stirpe creata,
Qui duce Æneâ peragrabant littora circum,
Donec in Ausonias fines, sedesque receptas
Venere, egressi magno telluris amore*.

* Virg. 5ij

IN ROMAM RERUM DOMINAM.

AUCTORE,

MICHÄEL DUPRÉ,

OF

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Heu Roma illuſtris! primæ olim gloria gentis!
Quæ rexit vaſtum raris virtutibus orbem;
Quæ arte excoluit, populos tutuditque feroces,
Volvitur in præceps; penituſque illiſa recumbit.
Sublimis Muſæ Parnaſſi ſacra colentes,
Adſpirate meis divino numine cœptis—
Fas audita loqui, fas et narrare labores.

Urbs antiqua ruit, Teucrorum ſtirpe creata,
Qui duce Æneâ peragrabant littora circum,
Donec in Auſonias fines, ſedeſque receptas
Venêre, egreſſi magno telluris amore*.

* Virg.

Romulus imperium fundavit, martia proles,
Sceptra gerens, manibusque suis insignia famæ
Regia; tum patrum venerandus nascitur ordo;
Jura dabant, legesque viris, civesque tegebant.
Electus censor castigat crimina vitæ:
Tum venit consul, communis cura salutis;
Urbis summa tenens, acies in bella ciebat.

O longè ante aliam felix! O inclyta Roma!
Urbs augusta, potens, tectis decorata superbis,
Dives opum, duri studiisque asperrima belli.
Ardua Mygdonio surgebant marmore templa,
Ædes sacra Jovi, capitolia celsa, Quirino
Hic vastum cœli caput inter nubila condit.
Sæpius hîc lætos pubes Romana triumphos
Vidit, et hic Victor belli spolia ampla gerebat.
Pulchraque libertas, duris infensa tyrannis,
Sedibus optatis hîc tandem pace quievit.
Hinc pietatis honos, laudumque arrecta cupido,
Charus Amor Patriæ, solidæque in pectore vires.
Sed non sola potens æquo moderamine rerum,
Gloria confestim multas celebrata per oras,
Per mare, per terras, duro certamine Martis.
Nam cum prima moves funestum in prælia telum,

Cerno magnanimam pubem, quam maſcula virtus
Excitat ad mortem, patriæ communis amore.

Roma decus rerum! quam nulla æquaverit ætas,
Viciſti famâ totum et virtutibus orbem.
Quis poſſit claros meritò numerare triumphos?
Quis captas urbes, gentesque? ampliſſima regna?
Imperii fines longé latéque per oras
Prolatos? procereſque ſimul virtute ſuperbos,
Extremas pariter ſeu tendere Gangis ad undas
Sive gravis Boreæ nives glaciemque, paratos?
At ſtupeo conſpectu illorum laude nitentum
Ante alios; quorum bellis ætate feruntur
Res geſtæ; et quorum nomen ſine fine manebit.
Quam bello indomiti! quam firmo pectore fortes?
Tu Marcellus ades, ſpoliis ornatus opimis*,
Qui ſternis Pœnum ferro, Gallumque rebellem.
Nec te prætereo, Romani ſanguinis ultor;
Carthago affatim loquitur, victique Penates,
Everſæ turres, ſolidi et fundamina muri.
Auguſtus Cæſar, divino ſtirpe creatus,
Intonat Euphrati bellis, Aſiamque potentem
Contundit, Craſſi Parthiſque tropæa redemit.

* Virg.

Sic dum Rom viget claris virtutibus, orbi
Protulit imperium, famam nec terminat aſtris,
Irrepſit tandem luxu conjuncta voluptas;
Irrepſit tandem, victumque ulciſcitur orbem*.
Hinc incerta tuis fortuna recedit ab oris,
Et te vexabat ſeries immenſa dolorum,
Tum multæ ſcelerum facies; tum dira libido
Invadit populos, et amor veſanus habendi.
Tum genus immane, et diffuſum montibus altis
Deſeruit ſedes, atque horreſcentia luſtra.
Jamque propinquavit portas compagibus arctis
Cinctas; in primo pervenit Scythica tellus,
Et Quadi, pariter robuſti Marcommani,
Inter Danubium populus, ſævoſque Bohemos,
Poſtremo curſu rapidi ſectantur Alani.
Ornatus Gallorum Alaricus tempora lauro
Protinus invaſit; ruit alto a culmine Roma,
Artis opus, cecidit vaſtum et ſublime theatrum,
Et templa excelſis divorum innixa columnis,
Mœnia collucent flammis; ſtructura ſuperba
Procubuit, diramque dedit prolapſa ruinam.

Quid valet illuſtre imperium? quid palma cruenta?
Sive triumphalis notiſſima gloria pompæ?

* Juv.

Seu divites gazæ? luxûs ceu blanda voluptas?
O luxus! populator opum, gentisque togatæ!
Fortunæ vultus, O! quam mulcere benignos
Blande queas! aperit dum nox immane barathrum;
Hîc jacet Assurus, Chami et pallentis imago
Effrœnis jactans verbis; hic plurima pompa
Elami; Argivum et tellus cui maxima frontis
Majestas; rerumque caput Mavortia Roma*.

* The seven last lines are translated from Dyer's "Ruins of "Rome."

CONTENTS.

Introductory Address, [illegible]

Prologue, [illegible]

POEMS.

Liberty, by E. Wardle, [illegible]

Adieu to Berkhamsted Beacon, by J. G. Lartishales, [illegible]

Rest after Toil, Pleasure after Study, by H. Wardle, [illegible]

Epistola Elisæ Abelardo, T. Ager, [illegible]

Great Britain, by J. D. [illegible]

The Schoolmaster, in Imitation of Spencer, by T. Ager, [illegible]

Milton's Lycidas, by W. Ager, [illegible]

Purpura vendit causidicum, an Epigram, by W. Ager, [illegible]

CONTENTS.

Page.

INTRODUCTORY Addreſs. iii

Prologue, vii

POEMS.

LIBERTY, by E. Walford, 1

Adieu to Berkhamſted School, by J. G. Littlehales. 13

Reſt after Toil, Pleaſure after Study, by H. Wardle, 23

Epiſtola Eloiſæ Abelardo, T. Ager, 31

Great Britain, by J.D. 39

The Schoolmaſter, in Imitation of Spencer, by T. Ager, 55

Milton's Lycidas, by W. Ager, 63

Purpura vendit cauſidicum, an Epigram, by W. Ager, 69

Page.
The Temple of Death, by J. Le Couteur, 73
An Elegy; Tibullus to Neæra, by J. G. Littlehales, 81
Robinſon Cruſoe's Soliloquy, by J. Le Couteur, 87
A Tranſlation of Gray's Elegy into Latin Verſe, by J. D. 93
The Praiſes of Druſus, by T. Lempriere, 113
Vaticinium de Trojæ excidio, by W. Ager, 119
Funus Cyri, &c. by T. Ager, 125
Pſalm lxxxviii. Ver. 10. 11. & 12. tranſlated into Latin Verſe, by C. Tanqueray, 129
A Paſſage from Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, tranſlated into Latin Verſe, by R. Budd, 133
In Romam Rerum Dominam, M. Dupré. 137

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 35 line 11 *for* poterint, *read* poterunt.

— 66 — 17 *for* ſtellæ, *read* ſtella.

— 130 — 11 *for* oſtendes, *read* oſtendes.

— 134 — 1 *for* oppaca, *read* opaca.